A TOUR

DOWN

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

Printed for the amusement of a few friends.

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THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

By Mrs. Adeline Lanman.

Printed for the amusement of a few friends.

PREFACE.

During the summer of 1852 I made a voyage down the St. Lawrence, accompanied by the Rev. Louis L. Noble and our wives. As I had previously written a book about the region, the duty of giving a history of the expedition devolved upon Mr. N., and his charming account was published in the New York Literary World. It so happened, also, that my wife, by way of gratifying one of my sisters, indited a familiar letter descriptive of our tour, and it is now printed simply for the amusement of our friends.

C. L.

(Charles Lanman)

GEORGETOWN, D. C., *Aug.*, 1852.

Having finally reached home, where I can calmly recall the incidents of my summer rambles, some of which have been wild but delightful, I will try to give you an outline sketch of the same. From the fact, however, of our having been so constantly in motion, I have *recorded* but little, and will, I am sure, give you but a meagre impression of all that I have seen.

You are already familiar with the prominent features of our Northern journey, as previously described by your brother, in his "Tour to the River Saguenay," and to go much into detail would only be a repetition.

We left home, you will remember, on the 1st of June, and were joined at Catskill on the following day by our friends, the Rev. Louis L. Noble and wife, who had been pursuaded to accompany us. We were all in fine spirits, and anticipated strange events and scenes, of which we had talked so much. We spent a night at Saratoga, and expected to pass through Lake George; in this, we were disappointed, as the summer steamboat had not commenced running on that lake. But we had a pleasant sail down

Lake Champlain, and enjoyed the scenery much, since we saw on the western side the Adirondac, and on the eastern the Green Mountains, with their blue summits piercing the clouds. We had a passing view of Burlington, a beautiful city, and saw the mansion of the accomplished Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, partly hidden among the trees, upon a picturesque headland. We landed at Rouse's Point, and took the cars for La Prairie, and thence about dusk, in the light of a gorgeous sky, a boat for Montreal, crossing the St. Lawrence, whose waters looked dark, angry, and billowy. This boat was a singular one, different from any I had seen, and gave the impress of a new country.

At ten o'clock, we reached Donagana's Hotel, which, by the way, has since been burnt in a great fire. Next morning we walked about the city, visited the splendid market, saw many red coats, with bayonets; many smiling peasant women, with immense straw hats, and caleches innumerable, drawn by little horses; but the general impression I received was that of gloom, probably caused by an insight into that great Cathedral, so huge and so unwinning in its internal structure and decorations.

We took a single boat for Quebec, and our last view of Montreal, with its roofs and steeples, covered with unpainted tin, glistening in the rays of the setting sun, was imposing and beautiful; and the agreeable impressions of that scene were only deep-

ened by the appearance of the broad, rapid stream, and the peaceful village-like aspect of either shore. We talked until a late hour, retired to rest, and after a sail of one hundred and eighty miles, arrived at Quebec. The morning was cold, and we suffered from the strong wind which was blowing up the river, but as we approached, we stood upon the deck to catch our first glimpse of Quebec. In a bay or bend of the river above the city, we saw timber rafts enough to build a city; and on an elevated point overlooking them, the residence of the Governor General was pointed out to us. The monuments to Wolfe and Montcalm, and the grand old fortress, all distinctly seen from the steamboat, called to mind my school histories; and the wooden-slab marking the death-place of Montgomery had a tendency to stir up my patriotism.

On landing we were taken in a caleche to Russel's Hotel, passing from the Upper to the Lower city, through an architectural gorge, called Palace Gate, and at the public breakfast table we were waited upon by twenty Scotch and Irish servants, headed by a *colored gentleman.* We "did up" all the wonders of Quebec, but with considerable rapidity, because of the ruling passion of your brother for salmon fishing. The Cathedral is a finer, though smaller building than that of Montreal, with, however, but few pictures to interest. The finest collection in the city, in my opinion, is to be found in

the chapel connected with the Catholic University, which we discovered by accident in our stroll in that direction, and seeing some priests entering the chapel door, we asked to do likewise, and there saw some very attractive paintings, each having a wonderful history, as you may imagine, with regard to the antiquity of the same, and the very mysterious manner of its falling into the hands of the present owners; one had decked a royal palace, another was rescued from the ruins of a great cathedral, &c.

With a permit we visited the Citadel, a curious place, of gigantic proportions and Gibraltar strength, which I will not pretend to describe. From its immense heights we looked down upon the Lower city and shipping; men and horses appearing like monkeys and mice, and the view far away over the St. Lawrence was magnificent.

The French women were generally pretty, with their cheerful faces and bright eyes peering from under their broad-brimmed flats; and the milk-carts drawn by dogs were funny. We did some shopping both in the Upper and the Lower city, the latter being more amusing, for such a getting up and down stairs, in the open street, we never did before; and then, too, the class of people below were more peculiar, and foreign-like in their appearance. We had a time with the currency, but made very

good bargains, I *hope* we didn't cheat. Now for an adventure.

One evening two females alone, stole out of the Hotel, about twilight, with the intention of going into a Catholic Church near by, to hear some vesper music.

We were piloted through a gate-way into an interior church, completely hidden from the street, and came within sound of the organ, which was sufficiently enticing in its melody to hurry us on with the strange old sexton, who kindly led us through mysterious halls into an upper gallery, where we found a choir of ladies practising for some festive church occasion. The sexton had a little conversation with the organist, also a lady, who seemed to comprehend that she was playing for strangers. The whole number of voices were raised, evidently with the intention of doing their best, and we soon found ourselves the honored two. After many delightful strains had been sung, the organist approached us, and said: "From *the States*, I presume?" Yes. We replied:

Did you ever hear of Mrs. ———, in New York city? She is a friend of mine, and Mrs. ———, of Providence, Rhode Island? Upon being answered vaguely in the affirmative, with regard to the latter personage, the name being familiar, she seemed endued with new zest; smilingly returned to the organ, and played in a most enthusiastic manner.

Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia, with an air of triumph at her success, for we were completely overwhelmed with delight, and rushed up to thank her for the compliment, though I must say, our ideas of a consecrated church were somewhat shocked at this seeming desecration of the sanctuary; not that there is anything in Yankee Doodle *music* that could fire any evil in our hearts, but the ludicrous association of his coming to town—

> "Upon a little pony;
> Stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called him *Macarony*,"

did not seem just the most appropriate thing to be played by a person who believed that away below, in the dark recesses of the altar, lay the Divine Real Presence; and in spite of my education and belief to the contrary, I always have a feeling that in a Roman Church there is a little more holiness about an altar, from the fact that the worshipers really seem to believe there is; and what always astonishes me more, in this connection, is the other fact, that they *will* do such silly things in that neighborhood, as ringing bells under the priests' robes, and dragging off and on that poor miserable vestment of the more silly-looking priest. I have actually left such a scene with my risibilities so excited as to roar with laughter when I reached the street. But enough of church incidents.

We had a letter to Lord Elgin, from Mr. Cramp-

ton, who was anxious that C. should meet his friend, the Governor General, so the letter was sent, thinking it might be of some service in our farther journeyings through Canada. Lord Elgin honored us with a prompt reply in the way of an invitation of our party to a dinner that evening, which we accepted, our Dominie enjoying the recreation quite as much as ourselves. The Governor's residence, "Spencer Wood," is about three miles from Quebec, and reached by going over the plains of Abraham; the grounds are beautifully wooded, and in driving through the avenue leading to the house, we saw here and there a sentinel. From the portico on the river-side, the view of the broad St. Lawrence was very picturesque. On arriving at the door we were ushered into a little room, where we deposited our shawls, and were thence shown into the drawing room, of co~~a~~rse by servants in livery. We there u/ found one or two gentlemen who were apparently invited to meet us, and in a moment Lord and Lady Elgin, with Col. and Lady Bruce, entered. When dinner was announced, and on escorting me to the seat at his right, Lord Elgin took from his button hole a bunch of lily of the valley, and presented it to me, and this, with the accidental pleasure of seeing a "Tour to the Saguenay," lying on a table as we were leaving the drawing-room, were two incidents agreeable to remember; and gold plate, the first I ever saw, also glistens in my memory. The ladies

were elegantly but not flashily dressed, and very affable and agreeable.

Lord Elgin, who inherits a love for art, had just received a stereoscope from London, and after a talk about that and kindred inventions, the Elgin Marbles, and art and literature generally, the "States" became the absorbing topic. Mr. Webster, General Cass, and other of our leading men, Mr. Crampton, and former Ministers from and to the Court of St. James. The want of discipline in the American course of school education was touched upon. Then the wonders of the Saguenay, Lady Elgin's experiences in wild expeditions in Canada and New Brunswick; camping out, and all that sort of thing. We left about 11 o'clock for the city, having enjoyed a delightful evening.

The next day being Sunday, we attended church at the English Cathedral, where there happened to be an ordination, at which the venerable and fine looking man, Bishop Mountain, officiated, assisted by three other ministers. There was also the communion service, and altogether, much to interest us. We saw Lord Elgin and family in the Governor's seat, which was in the gallery, and designated by the British Coat of Arms, ornamenting the front of the gallery where they sat.

We spent another day in Quebec, which was employed by the gentlemen in preparing for a sailing expedition down the St. Lawrence.

At eight o'clock in the evening, we left the pleasant Hotel, and drove to the out-of-the-way dock, where was moored the vessel that had with difficulty been secured for us by our kind friend Mr. Price. We found her a small dingy-looking schooner, of thirty tons burden, named the "Marie Cyrene." As I stepped upon deck, and gave a farewell look at Quebec, I must say I felt a little saddened by the prospect before us. We found our Captain, Boniface Gerard, a young Habitant, some twenty years of age, and it was only necessary to give one look at his honest face, to be assured of his ability to guide our vessel, and this was pleasant. But his mate, who seemed to have no other name than that of "Dan," a sleepy-looking fellow, did not promise much at least in appearance. He sat upon the deck, singing merrily, and when he saw us he began to smile in a most good natured way, which encouraged me, and he eventually proved to be an acquisition in affording us much amusement.

We now looked into the cabin, and found that there was at least a prospect of being *cozy*. We waited for the tide, which with a fair wind, carried us swiftly down the St. Lawrence, and as I slept that night, lulled by the dash of water on our bow, I had pleasant dreams, and awoke in the morning with a light heart, ready to enjoy the scenery.

Quebec was out of sight. The wild northern shore was mostly a rugged, rocky land, with mountain

peaks and white cliffs—the southern shore being a continuous village of small white houses, with an occasional church spire. The river at that point was from ten to twelve miles wide, presenting an expanse of green water, dashed with white caps, and here and there a sail in the distance, but the river widened rapidly as we proceeded. We breakfasted that morning on deck, and ate heartily of ham and eggs, which formed the principal food during our stay upon the water. Our meals were cooked by the husbands, who cleared the table most admirably, washed the dishes, then the towels, and hung them about the mast to dry—leaving the wives to look on and enjoy their inappropriate work; but we saw very plainly that they only did it to keep us in good humor, and as they seemed to enjoy their ludicrous position quite as much as ourselves, we allowed them to continue that kind of sport. We passed that day reading and talking, and laughing at "*Dan*," whose every movement was ridiculous. Here we saw the seal and white porpoise for the first time. Towards evening the wind died away, and left us slowly floating down towards the long cape or sandy point, eastward of which empties the Saguenay into the St. Lawrence. But a terrible storm from the northeast arose, and we were the whole night trying to beat into the Sagnenay; the effort was attended with much danger on account of hidden reefs of rock; and on this occasion, alone, it

was that I experienced anything like fear. From the foot steps and voice above us that night, it was evident that there was cause for alarm. Once, our captain rushed into our dark cabin to consult the compass, and at our expressions of anxiety, he replied : "No danger, don't fret, don't fret!" but we were rocking and tossing about our berths in any other than an agreeable manner. You can imagine that we were very thankful when we were informed by the Captain as the morning dawned that we were "all safe at the Saguenay," and there we were, nestled in a little bit of a cove, directly at the base of a high cliff. I could hardly realize that we were so far from home, although the strange aspect of things around, as well as our new experiences, were calculated to inspire a little home-sick feeling, but gratitude for having been spared to see the morning light was the uppermost thought in my mind.

So soon as we could, we sent ashore our letters from Mr. Wm. Price, which brought to our relief his eldest son, Mr. David Price, and Mr. Joseph Radford, his commercial agent in the lumbering business. We were politely received in the cottage of the "Radford's," and nothing ever seemed more cheerful than their pleasant abode on that dreary morning. We had walked from the vessel to the house, in real Indian style, enveloped as we were in blankets to protect us from the rain, and I have

thought since of the ludicrous sight we must have presented to the inmates of that hospitable abode. We talked over the dangers of the previous night, and C. for the first time informed us how he was terrified, when he stood on the deck during the most exciting time, at three o'clock, the wind blowing a gale, and the fog perfectly black; and saw the Captain throw the lead into the raging current, when the result of his soundings were thirty fathoms, and in less than a minute more, only three fathoms. He had been there before and knew the danger of entering the Saguenay Gulf in a storm, but fortunately he did not tell us his fears at the time. Our Captain, too, acknowledged that it was a narrow escape; and we valued his exertions so much the more when we found that he had been urged by the Captain of a passing vessel to turn his course and steer for Quebec, but he refused to do so, and the result was, that we were then comfortably on shore, whilst the other vessel was, probably, beating about in the storm, the fury of which we still felt, as it whistled around and through the house, seemingly as if to carry it down into the dark and angry waters of the Saguenay.

We spent the time within doors, with our agreeable friends most happily, and had determined to trespass upon their kindness until the storm was over, and we could with safety continue our voyage up the wonderful river. This, however, was not destined for us, as the wind changed, and continued so

high that it was utterly impossible to ascend the Saguenay. We were therefore compelled to take to our vessel again, and go with the wind further down the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the Escoumain. We, however, enjoyed a walk up the rocky hills in the vicinity of the harbor call L’anse à L’eau; ed had a view of the top of that horrid wilderness lying between us and the northern coast of Labrador, a a thousand miles broad perhaps; also of the grand scenery of the Saguenay; lofty precipices and perpendicular cliffs, with here and there a beautiful waterfall leaping, as it were, from the clouds into the deep below. Some of our party also visited the neighboring house of the Fur Company at Tadousac, which was on the St. Lawrence, and separated from L’anse à L’eau, by a high barren hill. We bade adieu to our kind friends with regret, but with an assurance that we should never forget them. And as we left them, and went once more on board the “Marie Cyrene,” we were gratified by their kind adieus of waving hats and kerchiefs, and also the firing of a gun, from a little black Steamer called the Pocahontas, as a parting salute; and almost as soon as its echoes had died away we were again swiftly sailing on the bosom of the St. Lawrence. We subsequently heard that in the storm which had overtaken us on entering the Saguenay, there had been nearly fifty vessels wrecked between that point and Quebec.

The day proved to be fine, with favorable wind which promised fair to take us in two hours to Escoumain, but it lulled, and we went slowly flapping along enjoying the day very much notwithstanding. The white porpoise, off on the dark waters, was a peculiar sight, and in many instances the young was seen carried upon the backs of their mothers most curiously. Now and then the black head of a seal would pop up, and once a large flock of gulls came swooping over us and lit upon the water, sailing in a long line for a moment, and then flying off again with their wings gleaming beautifully in the sunlight. When twelve miles from the Saguenay we noticed that the waters of the rival streams were still unwilling to mingle into one flood, and while the St. Lawrence preserved it deep green hue, the Saguenay continued dark and gloomy. The northern shore was enveloped in blue atmosphere, and looking east and west there was no land visible, and but one lone ship in the western horizon. A gun, however, was fired from a canoe, and we discovered an Indian seal-hunter pursuing his game. We also heard the wild screech of the loon or northern diver, and to me, every sight and sound was new and strange. We amused ourselves sometimes—on that day in examining the specimens of sea-weed, which the gentlemen hooked up from the water, while they "drove dull care away," as best they could, now getting into the small boat for the purpose of playing

with the water, and then again smoking cigars and singing uncouth songs.

Towards noon we began to feel hungry and they set to work to cook dinner, and, as before, we lay upon the deck and watched the culinary operations. "Dan" made a fire in the portable stove and filled the tea kettle from a tar-covered barrel by my side. Mr. N. washed the dishes and set the table, which consisted of the covering to the hold of the vessel, fixed upon two blocks of wood called fenders. There were placed upon it a loaf of Quebec bread, maple sugar, butter, pickles, and tea and white sugar, together with a dish of mixed up ham and eggs, which C. had cooked in a most amusing manner, appearing to think that the good qualities of the mixture would be brought out by incessant stirring; whether he proposed making an omelet, or merely to have the ingredients well mixed, he did not tell us, probably because he was laughed at; but it would certainly have amused your mother to have heard him say it was one of *her* dishes. However, we ate heartily of it, and I assure you I never enjoyed a meal more; we had for dessert apples, prunes, and oranges.

Evening was coming upon us with a heavy fog and rain, so that about five o'clock we were compelled to anchor more than a mile from our destined port. We were also forced to take to our little boat, in spite of the storm, but, with the aid of our blankets and with the assistance of our men we were

comfortably rowed to the shore, and strange as it may seem to you, I never enjoyed a boat expedition more. We found a good log cabin, and kind people to welcome us, among whom was a Mr. Felix Tētu, of Trois Pistoles, on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. He was at Escoumain, superintending his lumber business, which was extensively carried on, in charge of Mr. Brouchette, a bachelor, whose house we were then occupying. You can imagine the horror of an old bachelor in so wild a region, upon seeing two ladies from the "States." He and Mr. Tētu tried to make us as comfortable as possible, and as we at first contemplated staying a week, we began to busy ourselves to get up a home look about the place. We had for domestics two pretty round-faced French girls in caps, who were willing, but oh! how ignorant of what we wanted! all they did was to stand and grin at us when we asked them questions, for despite our *school* education in French, we could not make ourselves understood. They, however, afforded us some amusement. We were not sufficiently recovered from the sea-sickness which followed our last dinner on the schooner to relish the meals which they provided for us, and we agreed to live upon boiled eggs and toast, which we prepared for ourselves, while they stood gazing at our peculiar ways of cooking. Our husbands were well and hearty enough to eat voraciously the

salmon, trout, and pork which the French girls served up in their everlasting fry.

One of the most entertaining persons whom we met on our journey was Mr. Felix Tétu. He was about sixty years of age, but as active as a young man of twenty. He was "as merry as the day was long," and kept us in a continual roar of laughter, by his anecdotes, told in half French, half English, and with the enthusiastic French manner. He would say, "oh, my dear ladye, what shall I do to make you happy? I got plenty money—big heart—want to see you pleased—but here, in this poor bachelor cabin, I can do no better." He was anxious to go to his home at Trois Pistoles, where he had "good mother of familie," as he designated his wife; "nice house, and all things pleasant; and if the gentlemen would give up their fishing for *salmon*, we would go there and catch some trout;" and we soon began to find that this must be the end of it, since the sport was all spoiled by the high water and the net fisheries. Before retiring to bed the night after our arrival, the sky had become clear and we witnessed a wonderful aurora, which delighted us all, and nearly made our reverend friend and poet mad with excitement, and he wrote a description of it at my suggestion. And now, before I forget it, let me describe our sleeping apartment. In the garret, to which we gained access by a ladder, was a low bedstead with accompaniments for *one* bed, out of which

we made two, placing one upon the floor, and which, laying all city notions aside, the respective pairs unblushingly prepared to occupy; our embarrassment at this novel juncture of our wilderness adventures was, however, relieved by the fact that we had no light save that of the lingering aurora; and we quietly composed ourselves to sleep, yet not without much laughing. The next day was spent in strolling around the falls, visiting a rude log church, and investigating the lumbering arrangements; clambering up the wild cliffs to gather mosses and lichens; and, which was not uninteresting, the pool were C. had some years before caught his first salmon, not forgetting a look at the place where he with his companion had been so unmercifully attacked by mosquitoes. The third day, we concluded that we would oblige the old gentlemen, and set sail for his home across the St. Lawrence. Before departing, however, we requested that some fine salmon should be packed in snow and sent to our friends at home. They were directed to Mr. Webster, in Washington, and he afterwards told us that they reached him in perfect order, although forwarded from the far land of the wild Esquimaux.

Soon after embarking from Escoumain, Mr. Tétu hailed a canoe with Esquimaux Indians, which drew near. There was a man, a woman, and a child in it, and Mr. T. chatted with them in their own language. I gave some maple sugar to the child, who

took it with a happy smile; the bottom of the canoe was covered with salmon and trout, the sight of which evidently flurried a certain gentleman. We soon had an unfavorable wind, and were somewhat disheartened, but the merry old man kept up our spirits by singing, dancing, and sympathizing in his funny way, with us poor females who were again somewhat sea-sick. Sunday morning found us still becalmed, but within a short distance of "Trois Pistoles." A breeze fortunately sprung up, and taking us a little further on, we resorted to our little boat again, which comfortably landed us on the rocks within hailing distance of Mr. Tētu's house. He gave a loud, shrill whistle, which was recognized at home, and soon an antique looking vehicle in the shape of a cart with a good Canadian pony, came to our relief. We were then carried over the sands and seaweeds (which the tide had left) to the main shore. It was at this point that we took our final leave of the "Marie Cyrene," her worthy Captain, and the good natured, smiling "Dan," who was not a little amused at the recollection of the manner in which I had kept him awake at the helm the night previously, by yelling almost incessantly to him "Dan!" "Dan!" wake up! (when he was relaxing his hold upon the rudder,) and he would give a jump, convulsively sieze the rudder, turn round and grin. Another funny incident was his stupidity in throwing the lead, swooping it around over the

deck without looking behind, and it came within an inch of breaking our Dominic's head: this was of course followed by a roar of laughter, and a growl from Mr. Tétu at the silly fellow—accompanied by that everlasting "sacra!" The vessel then returned to Quebec; and we recall those days upon the St. Lawrence with great pleasure.

Arriving at the house we received a most cordial welcome from Madam Tétu, who soon furnished us with neat apartments and nice beds, covered with snow-white spreads, the sight of which was refreshing; the walls were hung with a variety of Roman Catholic ornaments and images. The breakfast that morning was a perfect luxury, especially to Mrs. N. and myself, who had really tasted nothing to suit our appetites since we left Quebec, (excepting the Radford's bread and butter.)

Before the close of that day, our spirits were depressed, however, by the fact that Mrs. N. began to complain of sundry bad feelings, and was compelled to send for a physician. She continued in bed for two or three days, and could not accompany me in my walks and drives, which I regretted exceedingly. Mrs. T. attended her most faithfully, and as Mrs. N. afterwards remarked "the treatment of those good people to us strangers and foreigners was a beautiful example of Christian charity in this cold, selfish world." One of my chief amusements there was walking in the little garden adjoining the house,

where I found blooming many of our early spring flowers, tulips, lily of the valley, pansies, and peonies, and narcessus, which made me feel quite at home. We spent one evening most merrily, Mrs. Têtu playing on the piano and singing, accompanied by her husband, and a son about fifteen years of age, after which we had a dance, the old gentleman performing at one time a solo jig, with the greatest activity. The gentlemen spent most of their time in fishing, taking 170 trout on two successive mornings, from a neigboring brook. We rode one afternoon to the next parish, and visited Mr. T.'s extensive saw-mills there, calling on the family of Mr. Charles Têtu, a cousin of our host. His wife had eight children, the eldest eight years old, and the youngest five months, and never did I see a more beautiful group of children in one family.

On the evening of the fifteenth of June, we had a thunder storm, the only one since we left home, and that was not severe. On the sixteenth our thoughts turned to the "States," for that was the day on which Mr. Webster's friends had submitted his claims for the Presidential nomination.

The time for our journey being limited, and fast drawing to a close, C. began to feel anxious to continue our course homeward; but Mrs. N. was advised by her physician not to venture on so rough a journey as we anticipated; after a consultation it was determined that we must separate here, the

N.'s going in a day or two back to Quebec by land, which proved to be a delightful trip for them, as they had an opportunity of passing through the villages, or parishes which lie continuously along the road all the way; and they have since said they would not have missed their insight into the churches, and Canadian life generally. Their stay with the Têtu's was made agreeable by their evident determination to supply the places of the friends who had left them, and they were as kind as possible.

We left Trois Pistoles with regret, but it was for the best. The Têtu cottage was located in a most desirable and interesting position, for although within sight of the Labrador coast, they were surrounded with all that was necessary to make life happy, and I think of these good old people with pleasure, as I left them, on that pleasant morning, sitting like Darby and Joan, on their little porch, which looked upon their picturesque church on a neighboring point, and upon the noble St. Lawrence, with here and there a lonely sail, bearing tidings and merchandise to Quebec from the coast of Albion.

The road from Trois Pistoles was rough, but the scenery of the St. Lawrence, as we rode along its banks, compensated us for that. Planted on the way-side there were crosses, which were often placed upon the brow of a hill, with a long flight of steps leading to them, presenting a picturesque appearance. Almost every house which we saw

in the villages through which we passed had some attempt at ornament, exhibiting refinement and taste, even among the poor inhabitants. The farming land was divided into narrow strips, by rude fences, running far back, whilst the dwelling upon each fronted the road along the river-side. As the inhabitants depend chiefly for food upon the products of these poor farmers, it was a mystery to me how they lived, so barren and destitute of cultivation did the soil appear.

River Du Loup is quite a pretty town, and we were surprised to find here a telegraphic communication with Quebec. From the hotel where we stopped we had a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence, and I ascertained that this was a favorite resort for persons from Quebec, who came there to enjoy the bathing. I purchased there one of those immense Canadian flats, which the women all wore, and it served me as an umbrella to protect me from both sun and rain during the rest of my wild journey.

We left River du Loup next morning at six o'clock, in a Canadian cart, which is an open vehicle, made entirely of wood, with two wheels, no springs, and but one seat, which, however, was comfortably cushioned. In this, drawn by a little grey pony, curiously harnessed, we were soon on our way across the Grand Portage, followed by a Frenchman, in a sim-

ilar cart, containing the trunks, &c. C. having been on the road before, preferred taking the lead.

About a mile from River du Loup, we saw a beautiful waterfall, which C. has heretofore described, and I enjoyed a walk about it exceedingly. The portage is thirty-seven miles long, and strangely wild; up and down we went, over mountains, and across valleys, with astonishing ease, considering the rough road, but our little pony was sure-footed and gentle. I was delighted with the forest trees, which were composed mostly of evergreens, spruce, hemlock, and arborvitæ. I would occasionally alight to gather a wild flower, or the leaf of some strange plant, and to take a drink from a cool spring or running stream.

The morning was bright, but towards noon it began to rain in showers, sometimes compelling us to stop at the rude cabins, scattered along the road, till the heavy shower was over. This, instead of discouraging me, only added to the pleasure, as it gave me a peep into wilderness life. The people were French, and seemed to be happy and contented in their rude homes. They offered us all that their cabins afforded for our comfort, and in some cases they would not receive any pay.

We always found a good warm stove, which served in most cases to heat two apartments, by being placed in an opening in the board partition dividing the rooms; around this, we hung our wet

garments to dry, amusing ourselves meantime in chatting with the people or watching their queer movements. They were sometimes engaged in sweeping when we entered, and this was done with a broom made of bunches of arborvitæ, tied to a long handle or stick; never seeing any other kind, we supposed it was the best they had. The rain being over, we would take a fresh start, accompanied to the door by the household, men, women, and children, who smiled graciously at parting, and seemed pleased with having had a visit to vary the monotony of their lonely life.

As we rode along, I would sometimes look before me, and express surprise to see how high the mountains were, over which our road led, thinking it impossible that we could aecend, but almost before I knew it, I found myself on the top, and could look back in triumph upon the valley we had just left. We took dinner at a sort of inn or half-way house, where we had pork and eggs and black bread, but as I had become somewhat hardened by this "Lacedaemonian" fare, I made quite a decent meal. The good man of the house showed us some fine specimens of beaver and other skins, and had we not been provided already with such curiosities from Escoumain, we should have relieved him of them.

In the afternoon the sun shone out bright, and every thing looked so fresh and green, we were glad the rain had fallen.

C. pointed out to me all the things in that region which were worthy of interest, but nothing was more striking than that locality or opening in the forest, which resembles the *rocky bed of a river*, and which he has described in one of his books.

We reached Timiscouta about sunset, not so much fatigued from the journey of the day as I had anticipated. After securing lodgings, we walked to the margin of the lake, near by, and as we stood there, a young girl with her brother, apparently, he might have been her lover, came from the village, where they seemed to have gone to make a few purchases, as she had in her arms a bundle containing a loaf of bread. She was dressed in a short blue jacket, over a dark skirt, and of course a huge flat on her head. They jumped quickly into a bark canoe, and paddled off to their home, on the opposite shore of the lake, looking very happy. We chose for our excursion down the lake a canoe, called a "dug-out," which was a long slender boat, but very substantial, made of a single trunk of a large tree, hollowed out; they are much used in that region, and are quite safe when well managed. We left Timiscouta next morning, after an early breakfast; our oarsmen were two Frenchmen, who were merry, and fond of singing, which they indulged in very often throughout the day. The lake was beautiful, but rather rough at first, and I felt a little timid. We were not long

in going the eighteen miles, and then entered the Madawaska river.

If I had not had a single bit of pleasure since leaving home, I should have been willing to take all that long journey again, for the pleasure which that boat excursion afforded me. I felt perfectly happy, the day was fine, the water so clear that we could see the bottom all the time. The river was only about a quarter of a mile wide, and the scenery of its banks exceedingly picturesque, and I kept exclaiming how beautiful! We stopped for dinner at a queer looking house, where I could not eat with any comfort on account of the untidy appearance of everything in and around. Cleanliness was all I desired, but rude fare and filth were more than I could stand. We, however, laughed off the matter, and were soon on our way down the river again.

In the afternoon, as we turned a beautiful point in the river, we came upon a little boat, with a single fisherman, who had a long string of trout, which we gladly purchased, determined to have a good *supper* any how.

We were fast approaching the Little Falls of the St. John, and were obliged to land some distance above on account of the swift current. Our boatmen, therefore, tied the boat to the rocks, and landed us, and I was truly sorry to leave that pleasant boat and river.

It was Saturday, and we intended to have spent

the day at the Acadian Settlement at the Little Falls. We, therefore, went to a nice house, where everything looked neat, and enjoyed our supper very much; it was good enough to suit the most fastidious appetite.

I did not feel fatigued in the least, and proposed to C. to continue our journey to the Great Falls that night, and he assented. It was then a little after six o'clock, and whilst the landlord made the arrangements for our departure, I took a look at the only real curiosity in the place, which was the old Block House, of which C. has a sketch, taken in 1847. I looked across the St. John's river, and saw with delight the shores of Maine, as I had begun to feel anxious to get into a civilized region once more.

At seven o'clock we left that place in an open carriage, with two horses. We reached a house at eleven o'clock, where our driver stopped for water. He went to the door of the house, and after considerable *banging*, managed to wake the host, who came out with a candle in his hand, and peered into the darkness to see who we were; on finding such a *respectable looking* party, he admitted us. We saw that everything was comfortable, and catching a glimpse of a bed in an adjoining room, we suddenly determined to rest there until daylight; the man agreed to our proposition, and we speedily retired to sleep. The post horn awakened us at

two o'clock, and we were on our journey in half an hour, just as the day was breaking.

We arrived in the village at the Great Falls, about six o'clock, having been ferried over the river. We stopped at the house of a Mr. Hammond, where we heard that LordElgin and Lady Elgin had lodged, when they passed through a few months before.

After breakfast, we walked to the Falls, which are very beautiful, and we lingered around them for a long time, then rambled through the woods, and returned to the house, after a walk of two miles. We slept until dinner, after which we walked again to the river, picking wild strawberries, and stripping birch trees of their bark, and scrambling down the banks to play in the clear amber water, and thus spent the day. We left next morning for Tobique, where we went to the house of a brother of Mr. Hammond, and were much surprised to find there, "Robert Eggar," C.'s "Hermit of Aroostook," who had in consequence of ill-health been persuaded to leave his hermitage for a season, and reside in the village. He was just such a man as I had imagined him ; he was delighted to meet C., but rather shy of me, although he talked long enough in my presence to convince me that he was a man of uncommon intelligence. He sighed for his home in the woods, and said he should return to it soon. At his suggestion C. went off with an Indian, in a canoe, to fish for salmon and trout in the Tobique river, leaving

me at the house to sleep. There was a terrible thunder storm during his absence, and you may imagine my anxiety. The rain was soon over, however, and he returned, having had a "splendid time," visiting some Indian huts, where he obtained shelter from the storm. Of course the thunder had frightened the fish, and he did not catch one. Indeed it began to be really laughable to me, so often had he been disappointed in that way. We walked in the afternoon with Mr. Eggar, went to the Telegraph Office, for, notwithstanding the wildness of the country, there was a communication from River du Loup to that place, which continued to Frederickton, making the connection from Quebec to St. John's. We spent some time in chatting with the operator, and obtained more information about the telegraph there than we had ever received in our large cities.

We left next morning for Woodstock, in an open wagon, driven by an ignorant politician, from Maine, who talked of General Scott, General Cass, and *General* Webster, as though we had none but generals among us. He had a regular Yankee twang, which amused us very much.

It rained all that day, but the scenery of the St. John was so beautiful that I did not heed it. We reached Woodstock, a distance of sixty miles from Tobique, about dark that evening. Spent the night very comfortably there, and next morning crossed

the boundary line from New Brunswick to Maine, and took breakfast at Houlton, where there is an American fort. Thence we went by stage to Mattawaumkeag, and stayed that night; here we saw congregated a large number of lumbermen, in their red-flannel shirts; they were resting towards evening, and a party were playing ball in front of a tavern; some of them entertained C. with a long account of their mode of life; he found them in a lower room of the house, surrounding an immense wood-fire, talking over their adventures.

Next day we left for Bangor, stopping at Old Town an hour or two; there we took a row-boat across the river, and visited the Penobscot Settlement. We saw many Indians; at one house they were busily employed in making a bark canoe, which we examined with much interest. They were dressed fantastically, the women in blue frocks, and black beaver hats, and their half-civilized notions, mingled with the barbarous, were amusing.

We took the cars at Old Town, for Bangor, with a comparatively new sensation, so long had we been traveling in a primitive style. We reached Bangor in time for supper at the "Bangor House," where we were refreshed by a modern bath, and were glad to be in a civilized region once more.

From Bangor to Portland we went in the steamboat "Governor," and spent the night in that latter beautiful city, where we found a few friends. Next

day we left in the cars for Newburyport, Massachusetts, where we stopped to visit our friends at "Indian Hill," about four miles from N., in the country; we found all well and pleased to welcome us after our wilderness journey. Whilst there, C. received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Webster, requesting him to meet him in New York on his way from Washington. He accordingly left me with V., and went, returning with Mr. W. to Boston, where he was so overwhelmingly received by his friends, personal and political, who had failed in nominating him for the Presidency. Mr. W. then went to "Elms Farm," Franklin, N. H., and C. with him, to spend a few days. On their return to Boston, I joined them by invitation from Mr. W., and was delighted to see that great and good man once more.

We went to Nahant and remained two days, and then accompanied him to Marshfield, where he was so cordially welcomed home by the inhabitants for miles around. The car in which he traveled from Boston was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, and every one seemed to be happy on the road. We arrived at Marshfield on Saturday afternoon, and Mr. W. was taken in charge by a committee, and escorted by a long procession; they proceeded to the hill near the house, where there had been erected a platform, from which Mr. W. addressed the crowd which had assembled to welcome

him to Marshfield. This was truly a most agreeable and unexpected climax to my journey, and I shall never forget the kindness with which we were received by Mrs. Webster and treated by all while there. I esteem it as an especial privilege to have seen this great statesman at his own home during the last summer of his life. He was always cheerful, and his conversation ever delightful and instructive.

Whilst we were at Marshfield, Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, with his Secretary, Mr. Griffith, made a visit to Mr. Webster, and it was surprising to see how much he consulted the happiness of his guests, in making plans for their daily amusement.

The gentlemen spent most of their time in fishing, and as C. had sketched and fished with Mr. Crampton on the Potomac, it was particularly pleasant to meet him at Marshfield. None enjoyed the sport more than Mr. W.

Mrs. W. and a granddaughter of Mr. W. (Carrie Appleton) and myself took pleasure rides, occasionally going to a neighboring village to shop.

Mr. Fletcher Webster and family resided at that season in their summer cottage, about a mile from his father's residence, and we also enjoyed their society. Mr. Webster took an occasional walk with us, and on the first day after our arrival, he showed me *the two elms* which he planted in memory of his two children, Julia and Edward, whose deaths

he had so much deplored. He manifested much emotion in recalling again those sad memories. He took particular pleasure in visiting his barns, and directing our attention to his favorite cattle. His accustomed seat was under the *great elm*, which fronted the house, and it was a magnificent tree. He enjoyed, having all his guests around him as he sat there, and his conversation and little ways were so pleasant that they were always glad to be with him. He was affectionate and kind in his family, and it was particularly gratifying to see that he was glad to have C. with him, and I came in for pleasant attention, I suppose, on his account. Mr. W. was invited to a dinner at Plymouth, given at the Somerset House, and his guests accompanied him. I went in a buggy with Mr. Griffith, and enjoyed the drive very much; the only unpleasant thing was the sad accident recalled by passing over that road, near Kingston, for it was in going to Plymouth the summer previous that Mr. W. and C. had that unfortunate break down, from the effect of which, Mr. W. was still suffering. We had a delightful day altogether. The gentlemen fished, and Mr. W. returned very much fatigued, yet not so much as to prevent his being very agreeable at dinner, where there was a very pleasant assemblage of pilgrim descendants. Mr. W. left the parlor directly after dessert, and returned home with C., leaving us to follow

soon, and on arriving at his house, we found him quietly awaiting us in the library.

Next day we drove to Black Mountain, and the beaches, and had a fine view, as we also did from Gorham Heights. But to all this pleasure there had to be an end, for we were compelled to leave this charming place, after a visit of nearly two weeks, and return to Washington, where C.'s official duties called him.

This is a long letter, and I am sorry it is not more interesting, but in making a journey of nearly two thousand miles in a hurried manner, and in the space of about six weeks, I had but little opportunity to make anything like a faithful record of events as they occurred; but I have, perhaps, written enough to show what may be accomplished during a summer ramble with a vagabond fisherman.